when we were first cast away. She lay almost where she did at first, but not quite, and was turned by the force of the waves and the winds almost bottom upwards, against the high ridge of a beachy rough sand, but no water about her as before.

If I had had hands to have refitted her, and have launched her into the water, the boat would have done very well, and I might have gone back to the Brazils with her easy enough. But I might have easily foreseen that I could no more turn her, and set her upright upon her bottom, than I could remove the island. However, though I gave over the hopes of the boat, my desire to venture over for the main increased, rather than decreased, as the means for it seemed impossible.

This at length put me upon thinking whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe, such as the natives of those climates make, of the trunk of a great tree. This I not only thought possible, but easy, and

pleased myself extremely with the idea of making it, not considering the difficulty I should have in moving it when it was made. For what was it to me, that when I had chosen a vast tree in the woods, I might with much